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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

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ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF BR. RENÈ GOUPIL, BY FR. JOGUES.

(*Death of a martyr related by a martyr.*)

Renè Goupil was born in Angers, and, whilst yet in the flower of his age, asked with earnestness for admission into the Society. He was received into the Novitiate at Paris, and dwelt there several months, giving good example to all. Sickness, however, came to snatch from him the longed-for happiness of binding himself forever to God by our holy vows. Nevertheless, as soon as his health permitted it, he sailed for New France, desiring to aid the Jesuits there as far as he could, since he had been obliged to forego the blessing of becoming one of their number in France.

On his arrival, wishing, despite his freedom from all obligations, to lead a life of obedience, he put himself entirely at the disposal of the Superior of the Mission. By him the holy youth was employed for two years in the most menial offices of the house, and in nursing the sick and wounded in the hospital; and in these employments he gave striking proofs of humility and tender charity.

He was very skilful in caring for the sick, and his kindness and other virtues left behind him such a sweet perfume that his memory is even now in benediction.

In July, 1642, we passed through Montreal, and, as our Hurons were in great need of a surgeon, we asked Fr. Vimont to allow Renè to come with us. No one can tell how great was the joy of the holy young man when he was requested to accompany us; and yet he knew the hatred of the Iroquois against the French, and the risk to which, on this account, he was exposing his life. But obedience was dearer to him than life; and so, when our company started for Three Rivers, he cheerfully set out with us. We began our journey on the 1st of August, the day after the Feast of our Holy Father; and on the following day we were attacked by two bands of Iroquois. Almost all the Hurons fled, and we were made prisoners.

Then the virtue of Renè showed itself; for, as soon as he was seized, he cried to me: "O my father, God be blessed; He has allowed it, He has willed it; His holy will be done. I love it, cherish it, embrace it with all the powers of my heart and soul." Then, while the Iroquois were pursuing the fugitives, I heard the confession of my young companion, not knowing what might soon befall us.

As soon as our captors returned, they rushed on us like mad dogs, tore off our finger-nails, and bruised and crushed our fingers. These torments Renè bore patiently and unflinchingly, and, mindless of the pain which he felt, he helped me to instruct those of the Hurons that were not yet baptized. As I was caring for them in turn, just as I met them, he called my attention to the fact that a poor old Indian, named Indonhiraon, would probably be among the first victims. I employed, therefore, in preparing this unfortunate man the time that the Iroquois spent in shipping the canoes of goods which we had intended for our missionaries among the Hurons; and, I saw him butchered before my eyes, just after I had given him a second birth in baptism.

As we had the happiness of journeying together, I had the opportunity of witnessing many acts of virtue on the part of Renè. He was always thinking of God; his every word breathed submission to the Divine Will, and an earnest desire to be offered as a sacrifice in the fires of the Iroquois, lighted for the holocaust by the hand of God Himself.

Shortly after our capture, as we were travelling along, he said to me: "Father, God has always made me desirous of giving myself to His service by the vows of the Society; but my sins have hitherto made me unworthy of this honor. I trust, however, that now our Saviour will vouchsafe to receive the vows which I wish to make to Him through you." Then having obtained leave from me, the pious youth pronounced the vows of the Society with great devotion.

Although wounded himself, his thoughts were of others who were suffering, even of our cruel enemies; one of whom he bled as tenderly and as charitably as if he were caring for one of his best friends. This humility and obedience to our captors made me ashamed of my own conduct. On one occasion, two of them took Renè and me into their canoe, and told me to take a paddle and help them: but I, proud even in misfortune, refused to aid them. Some time after, they asked Renè to paddle, and he at once began to do so; then they turned to me, and tried to persuade me to follow his example; seeing this Renè begged me to pardon him.

Many times I did what I could to persuade him to take advantage of the freedom granted us to make his escape —a thing which I could not think of doing myself, as I had to care for the souls of a Frenchman and twenty-four or twenty-five Hurons. But as God, into Whose hands he had wholly put himself, never suggested thoughts of escape, he could not be brought to attempt it.

On the Lake we met two hundred Iroquois, who had

come to Richelieu when the fort was building. They beat us, tore our flesh, and made us feel the effect of hell-inspired rage. The youthful saint bore all these torments most patiently, revenging himself only by his humility and charity towards those who maltreated him. Having fallen under a shower of blows, dealt with clubs and iron rods, Renè could not arise, and so he was carried half dead to a platform in the middle of the town, where we had by this time arrived.

His appearance was enough, one would think, to move to pity cruelty itself; his whole body was bruised and mangled, and his face was so much disfigured that only the white of his eyes could be seen; but he was on this very account all the more beatiful in the sight of the Angels of Him of Whom were spoken these words: "We have seen Him as a leper," etc. "There was in Him neither comeliness nor beauty."

Scarcely giving him time to breathe, the savages began to beat him with a heavy club, as they had done before. Then they cut off my thumb, and afterwards his right thumb as far as the first joint; whilst he unceasingly cried out: "Jesus! Mary! Joseph!"

For six days we were left to the bad treatment and insults of any one who might wish to annoy us. The sweetness ever shown by Renè was truly wonderful; and yet, besides the torments already borne, he had his breast burnt by the hot coals and ashes thrown on us by the children as we lay fastened to the bare ground during the night. Natural instincts had made me more skilful in avoiding some of these torments.

We were told at first that we were going to be burnt at the stake; but we soon found out that they had no real intention of taking away our lives. After some time my young companion became very sick and suffered exceedingly, not the least on account of the kind of food given him. I being unwell myself, and not having a single whole

finger, could do nothing to help him. I must hasten, however, to give an account of his death, which had all those marks by which a martyr's death is recognized.

When our captivity had lasted six weeks, a dispute arose in the council of the Iroquois, some of whom had wished to set us free. This quarrel took away our last hope of seeing our Mission of Three Rivers that year. We consoled one another, and tried to make ourselves ready to bear patiently any trials that God might be pleased to send us. Renè did not know so well as I the full extent of our danger, and hence I took care to be ever advising him to hold himself in readiness.

One day, as we were walking outside the town, whither we had gone to pray undisturbed, two young men came and told us to go back to our house. I had some presentiment of what was about to happen, and so I said to Renè: "Let us recommend ourselves to our Lord and to our Blessed Mother; these men have, I think, some evil designs upon us." A short while before we had offered ourselves to our Lord, beseeching Him to receive our blood and our lives, in union with His own Life and Blood, for the salvation of these poor savages.

At the bidding of the young men, we returned; and continued as we went along the recitation of the Rorary, which they had interrupted. On arriving at the entrance of the town, we stopped to wait for further orders from the Indians, when one of them, drawing a hatchet which he had hitherto concealed in his bosom, struck Renè over the head with it. The holy youth sank down with his face to the ground, invoking as he fell the Sacred Name of Jesus—for we had often resolved that this Blessed Name should close our lips and our lives.

Turning around, I saw the hatchet all covered with blood, and, falling on my knees, I awaited the stroke which would make me a partaker in Renè's martyrdom. They did not wish to kill me, however; and so I went to give the last

absolution to my dying brother, whom the savages soon killed with two more blows of the hatchet. From the beginning of our captivity, I had given him the absolution every second day. It was the 29th of September, the Feast of St. Michael, that this angel in innocence, and blessed martyr, gave his life for the Lord, Who had given His own for him,

As soon as he was dead, the murderers ordered me to return to my cabin, where I remained for two days in momentary expectation of the same fate. It was the common belief that I would soon follow Renè, and, indeed, warriors came several times to put me to death. Our Lord, however, prevented their designs in ways which it were now too long to explain.

The following morning, I went to the place where they had thrown the martyr's body, as I was determined to bury it at any cost. Some Iroquois who wished to save me from death, said to me: "You have no common sense; do you not see that your enemies are everywhere seeking for a chance to kill you? And yet you must go to look for a half-corrupted corpse, which they have dragged away to a great distance. Do you not see those young warriors coming out of the town to slay you as soon as you are beyond the protection of the palisades?" These words did not make me hesitate. God had given me such courage that I was willing to die in the performance of this work of charity; and so, aided by an Algonquin, who had become one of the tribe, I succeeded in finding the holy remains.

After the murder, the children of the tribe had put a rope around the neck of Renè's corpse, and had dragged it to a stream which flowed beyond the town. I could not restrain my tears at the sight of the martyr's body, which the dogs had already partly eaten. Taking it from the water, I fastened several stones to it and then let it sink to the bottom of the river, where, I thought, it would be safe from the profanation of the Indians until the day following, when I

would come and bury it. Several of the young savages had, however, been watching me, and after I had gone away they took the body out of the water again.

The next day some of my enemies sought once more to put me to death, and, as I think, to avoid having me murdered, my *aunt* (a name given to one who takes care of a prisoner) sent me to work in a field belonging to her. I was thus obliged to put off the burial of my martyred friend; and unfortunately, during the night the river was much swollen by a heavy rain.

On the following morning, borrowing a pickaxe—not from my aunt but from another, in order the better to conceal my intention—I went to that part of the river where I had put René's corpse; but it was not there. Thinking that perhaps the violence of the current had carried it away, I went into the bitterly cold water and walked about in the vain hope of finding it. How many were the tears that I shed as I pursued my search and said aloud the prayers for the souls departed! As I was thus engaged, a woman with whom I was acquainted, came along. I asked if she knew what they had done with the body; and was told that they had dragged it to a part of the river which was unknown to me, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile. This was false; for the young savages, after pulling it out of the stream, had taken it to a wood hard by, where, during the autumn and winter, the foxes, the dogs and the crows preyed on it.

When the spring came, same one told me of this, and I went three times to search for it, but in vain. The fourth time I found the head and some remnants of the bones. These I buried, after kissing them reverently as the relics of a blessed martyr. I resolved to carry these sacred remains with me, if my captors took me back to Three Rivers, as they spoke of doing.

I have given René the title of martyr, not only because he was slain by the enemies of God and of His Church,

while engaged in a work of zeal and charity, in which he risked his life through pure love of God; but especially because his death was occasioned by his devotion to prayer, and, in particular, by his having made the sign of the Cross.

He had been praying in a cabin, as was his wont, and this greatly angered an old man who saw him. One day, a child of three or four years of age came near Renè, and he, through an excess of devotion and love of the Cross, and with a simplicity which we, more prudent according to the flesh, would not have had, took off his own cap, placed it on the child's head, and then made a large sign of the Cross on the child's body. The old man seeing this, called a youth who was about to become a warrior, and ordered him to kill Renè. The command was executed as I have narrated above.

The mother of the young child told me on one occasion, when I found myself in her company, that Renè had lost his life for having made that sign of the Cross.

One day, I myself was sent to the old man's cabin to eat, and before beginning I made the sign of the Cross. "Ah!" shouted the old man, "that is what we hate; it was for doing so that your companion was killed: for it you also shall die. Our European neighbors do not make that sign." Another time, when I was out hunting, and knelt to say some prayers, I was told by my companions that they hated such conduct, that they had killed the other Frenchman because he acted in this way, and that they would put me to death for it on my return to the village.

ORIGIN OF THE OSAGE MISSION.

It is hard to determine when the Osages first pitched their camps on the beautiful banks of the Neosho. However, we can record some few facts, which may one day prove interesting, concerning the early settlement of this part of the Neosho Valley, now known as Neosho county.

In the year 1820, the Osages, being in the vicinity of St. Louis, sent a delegation of their leading men, headed by one of the chiefs of the nation, to Rt. Rev. Dr. De Bourg, Roman Catholic Bishop of New Orleans, then visiting the State of Missouri, which formed the Northern part of his immense Diocese. The object of this delegation was to obtain some Catholic Missionary to visit their towns and teach them the ways of God.

The Bishop was very much pleased with this delegation, and promised that, as soon as practicable, he would send them a Missionary. Rev. Charles La Croix S. J. was, after a few days, appointed to the post. He visited the Osages repeatedly, baptized a great many of their children, and was about to build a chapel among them, when, exhausted by his labors, he was taken away by death

Rev. Charles La Croix was succeeded in his Mission by Rev. Father Charles Van Quickenborn S. J. who not only visited the Osages in their towns, but used all his energy in providing for the education of their youth. For this reason, in June, 1824, he established the first Manual Labor School that ever existed among them. He collected the boys in the residence of St. Stanislaus, not far from the town of Florissant, Missouri, and placed the girls in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in the town of St. Charles, St. Charles county. The two places not being very far apart, he could without much trouble, provide

for the welfare and instruction of both sexes. The work of education was now proceeding prosperously, and promising great things for the future, when the Osages, having made a new treaty with the United States Government, obliged themselves to vacate the State of Missouri, and withdraw into Kansas, then generally known under the name of Western Indian Territory.

This new arrangement frustrated the plan of Father Van Quickenborn, and the work so successfully begun came to a premature end.

The Osages having removed to their new home, a school was provided for them by a Board of Presbyterians. It was located near the western line of the State of Missouri, on the left bank of the Marais des Cygnes, some three miles north of Papinsville, in Bates county.

Though Father Van Quickenborn had now no school among the Osages, yet he continued to take care of them. He visited them regularly at their Mission, which was called Harmony, and baptized several of their children in the Mission House, where the Presbyterian Minister most kindly and liberally allowed him a room to use as a chapel.

In 1827, Father Van Quickenborn came from Harmony Mission to visit the Osages on Neosho river, in this very county, where they had just begun to form permanent settlements. These, however, were not confined to this county, but were in two great divisions, the one along the Neosho, the other near the Verdigris; each containing from six to nine Indian towns, having their respective chiefs. But as the head chief of the whole Osage nation resided on the Neosho, and had his house built on what is now called August Creek, and as his people were forming their towns, sometimes on the west, and at other times on the east side of the Neosho, on the identical spot where our beautiful town now stands; so this place was considered from the earliest days of its existence as *the* place of business.

The Indian towns of the first division stretched from the

confluence of the Labott with the Neosho to that of Owl Creek with the same river. Those of the second division extended from the junction of Pumpkin Creek, to that of Chetopa Creek with the Verdigris.

The "half-breed" settlement lay, for the most part, between Flat Rock Creek, and what is now called Canville Creek. The mechanics allowed to the Osages under their late treaty with the United States, were established on Flat Rock; and the principal depot of the American Fur Company was on Canville Creek. But as the Agency was situated, for a considerable time, not far from the mouth of Flat Rock, our present town site was considered the most important place on the Neosho.

About this time the Presbyterian Board of Missions established another school at Saline in the Cherokee Nation, for the education of those Osages who were living on the Verdigris. But this institution, as well as the other at Harmony after a few years' existence could not be continued; so they were abandoned. After the breaking up of these schools, the same Missionaries tried to get up another one in this county. For this purpose they erected a large house on the left, or east bank of Four Mile Creek, about one-fourth of a mile from its junction with the Neosho. They lived and preached in this building; but some difficulty prevented the successful opening of a school, and the Missionaries, seeing that they were losing time and could do nothing with the Osages, gave this place up likewise, and abandoned the whole Osage Nation.

Father Charles Van Quickenborn having died in 1828, the spiritual care of the Osages was transferred to the Fathers of St. Mary's Mission among the Pottawattomie Indians, then living on Big Sugar Creek in Linn county, where the town of Paris now stands. These Fathers visited the Osages as regularly as they could until 1847; when the tribe having requested Rt. Rev. Peter R. Kenrick, Bishop of St. Louis, for a Catholic School, Father John Schoen-

makers, S. J., was appointed Superior of the Mission, and reached this place on the 20th day of April, 1847.

Father Schoenmakers took possession of two buildings, yet unfinished, which had just been put up for the use of this new Mission by order of the Indian Department. While he was having these buildings completed, his companion, Father John Bax, went about visiting among the Osages, speaking to them with great zeal on the importance of becoming civilized and embracing Christianity. They were pleased with him, and having offered him several of their children that he might give them a Christian education, he promised that he soon would return after them. On the 10th day of May, the houses being finished, he collected a small number of Indian children and brought them in; and so began, on that day, the Osage manual labor School, on the very spot on which it now stands. One of the two buildings, was used for the boys, the other for the girls.

On the 5th day of October, 1854, several sisters of Loretto, having come from the State of Kentucky to devote themselves to the education of Indian girls, the present Convent was opened, and has flourished to this day.

In a short time the two houses were found too small to accommodate the pupils who were brought in, and it became necessary to enlarge the buildings, and next to multiply them. So Father Schoenmakers went to work, and, having first built a nice church, he, by degrees, added other houses which gave to this institution the appearance of quite a town.

The Church was dedicated to God, in honor of St. Francis of Jerome; and it soon became the terminus of a holy pilgrimage, which most of the Catholics living within a circuit of from fifty to eighty miles performed once a year, in order to comply with their Christian duties.

The Fathers, attending this Mission, visited the adjacent tribes, such as the New York Indians, the Miamis Peorias, Sacs, Foxes, Quawpaws, as well as others who resided south

of the old Santa Fe road. They established several Missionary stations amongst these people, and also amongst the white Catholics who were scattered over an extent of country some two hundred miles in diameter. But the Osage Mission was always considered as the Mother House, on which all the other Stations depended. The church in which I this day officiated, is the one which was first built, and which, with its additions, now forms a building thirty by ninety three feet in size, though it is by no means large enough to seat the numbers who attend Divine services in it.

A few years after Father Schoenmakers had established the Mission, the Osage Agency was moved from here to Quawpaw Nation, on a small brook called Lost Creek, some four miles from the south east corner of this state. This, however, did not seem to detract from the prosperity of the place, as the United States Agents came several times every year to visit us. They would assemble the Osages in council, examine our school children; and would generally make rich presents of flour, beef, etc. to the tribe, particularly when payment of the annuities was being made.

The payment of the annuities was always celebrated by the Indians with great rejoicings. The nation would, on such an occasion, come here and build their camps around the Mission; and nearly every year some other tribe came at this season to pay a visit to the Osages. Sometimes you would see the Sacs and Foxes; sometimes the Kaws or Otoes; sometimes the Kiowas and Comanehes. The object of these visits was to renew their old friendship, which they did by smoking the calumet, engaging in war dances and running horse races, to the great amusement of their white visitors, who used to be present in large numbers.

The time of payment was likewise a time of rendezvous for traders and travellers of every description. All visited the Mission, which was really an oasis in the desert; for no settlement then existed nearer than Fort Scott, forty miles away, so that all who came stopped with us to rest their

teams, to repair their wagons, or to supply themselves with provisions. Thus it is that the Osage Mission can, with all truth, be called the cradle of civilization in the Neosho Valley.

Whether the labors and expenses undertaken by the Mission for the civilization of the Osages, have been of real utility to the Indians, I do not now intend to discuss. We know this much from the perusal of history; that to bring aborigines from their barbarism to a state of civilization, and then to make of them good Christians, has always been the work of centuries, not of a few years. However we do not hesitate to say that the Mission established by the Catholic Church among the Osages in 1820, and continued to this day, has been of great benefit to humanity at large; for it has kept the savages from ravaging the neighboring settlements, given them an idea, at least, of honesty and righteousness, inspired in them respect for religion, and inculcated upon their youth the importance of Christianity.

If, during a period of forty years, the Osages as a nation have not taken up arms against the United States Goverment, if they have not made wholesale slaughter of trains and caravans crossing the plains, if they have not ravaged the country along the borders of both Missouri and Kansas if, in a word, they have never shown themselves hostile to the white people; this is due in great part to the influence which the Catholic Church exerted over them though her Missionaries.

The school of the Osage Mission has generally been a success, even during the late war, which proved detrimental to so many institutions of the kind.

The number of pupils in attendance has always been large, the boarders one year being as many as two hundred and thirty six. Strangers who at different times have visited this school and examined the pupils, have found, to their satisfaction, that the children of the Osages are as capable as any other children of acquiring an education. To be

convinced of the truth of this assertion, it is sufficient to open the Annual Reports, given by the United States Agents to the Indian Department, concerning this Osage Mission Manual Labor School.

And though we must confess with sorrow that many of our pupils, after having left us and returned to their parents, have resumed their Indian customs, and in some instances become very bad; yet the greater number have turned out very well, and earn their bread honestly.

By the treaty of September 29th, 1865, the Osages, having deeded this part of their country to the United States Government, again removed to the Verdigris River, They left, however, a good many of their children at the Osage Mission School, where they yet are.

The white people who first came to this part of the country seemed to prefer this place to any other, and began to talk of building a town. Father John Schoenmakers donated for this purpose a quarter section of land to a Town Company. They laid out the town, and went to work without delay, and have been very successful; for though great has been the opposition made to Osage Mission, yet it has flourished beyond all hope and is at this day one of the most thriving towns in southern Kansas.

(*Written by Father Ponziglione in 1869.*)

CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, BOSTON, MASS.

The zealous and very successful labors of the venerable Father John Mc Elroy S. J., in purchasing the valuable property on Harrison Avenue and erecting upon it the stately and substantial buildings, that are now an ornament, even to the city of Boston, where so many beautiful structures are found,—the faithful coöperation of his successor Father John Bapst, S. J., whose influence and efforts did much to reduce the necessarily heavy debt incurred,—and the continued interest and efficient exertions of Father Robert Fulton S. J., the present Rector, who completed the liquidation of the debt, besides enlarging and beautifying the buildings,—all were to receive the finishing touch of perfection, on the feast of our Lady's Assumption 1875. On this day the stately granite temple, that for years already, under the auspices of her Immaculate Conception, had been the centre of a fruitful apostolate for the Catholics of Boston and by the grandeur of its ceremonies and the learning and zeal of the occupants of its pulpit, had done much to elevate the church in the estimation of a community, that looks a good deal to the exterior of things,—on this day, the church was to be given over wholly to God by solemn consecration, as happily, and in accordance with the Canons, all debts on it being cleared, men could no longer claim any share in its ownership.

Though it will not cease to strike the beholder with admiration, as long as it shall stand, one cannot at the present stage of church architecture in this country, form an adequate idea of the magnitude of the scheme of its erection, if the precise date hereof be remembered. For architecture, in all its applications, has like everything else in this coun-

try, been going forward towards perfection during the last score of years, with amazing rapidity. Twenty years ago, and scarce one of the thousand beautiful churches and cathedrals that now honor God and His Church in every part of the land, was standing; and notably, in the city of Boston, which now boasts its magnificent cathedral, our own beautiful new churches of St. Mary and the Holy Trinity, the costly church of St. James and others, that of the Immaculate Conception was looked upon as an entirely new, an almost startling enterprise in the matter of church building, especially for poor Catholics. The advance in beauty and grandeur of design in church edifices has not however yet, and indeed cannot go far enough, to leave behind in any point of excellence the beautiful and graceful building of which we write. Its noble dimensions, chaste design, costly finish, artistic decoration, and above all its admirable fitness for the many calls to be made on its usefulness by an immense catholic congregation, with all the adjunct associations that this implies when under the charge of Fathers of the Society, will always make the church of the Immaculate Conception a model of its kind.

Under the church is a basement chapel of good height and of the same dimensions as the church, fitted and furnished in a complete manner, and accommodating an immense congregation of children, that would well crowd any ordinary city church. This basement, as well as the church itself, is furnished with a first-class organ of great power: that of the church being among the finest in the country. The altars of the church are of costly white marble, richly carved and heavily gilded in such a way as to show to better advantage the various relievos and other ornaments; the Sanctuary is ample and well fitted for the ceremonial of the Church, even when carried out on the most extensive scale, as was well shown on the occasion of the consecration. Indeed the sacristies themselves are worthy of a detailed description, spacious, well appointed in every respect,

and furnished with a full and precious wardrobe of every suitable vestment, together with a valuable and well assorted stock of altar decorations and ornaments of varied character. There are anterooms, closets for storing articles not in use, meeting rooms, a small chapel of St. Valentine, in the basement; in a word, all the modern improvements and conveniences, if we may speak so without irreverence in connection with so sacred a thing as a catholic church. But we do not intend to go into all the details necessary to give a comprehensive idea of this church; for to do this would require also a description of the really grand college buildings in the immediate vicinity, that stand so favorably in comparison with those of other institutions of the city, whose endowments are given by hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly. We would only add a few words concerning the ceremony of consecration, which, as matter of course, was not very intelligently reported, from a religious point of view at least, by the Protestant press.

Preparations for the function had been going on for about a month before the day appointed: the great organ of the church, however, appeared to excel, as was proper, in the endless notes of preparation that it gave forth during that time, almost at any hour from early morning till dusk. The energetic and skilful brother Sacristan was unwearying in his labors, and among the feats he performed may be reckoned his conveying a freight-car load of laurel branches for the interior decorations, from a grove at the college villa, about sixty miles distant from the city. This with numerous additions of green branches of various descriptions was woven into garlands by the younger members of the congregation, during the week preceding the fête, in the large hall of the college gymnasium. Indeed it reminded one of what we have read of the preparations for the church festivals in old Catholic Europe, to see these parties of New England boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen, merrily weaving the beautiful garlands to decorate our Lady's beautiful

shrine which lies almost under the shadow of Bunker Hill monument. We wonder if the shades of the old Puritan sires were altogether easy, in those pleasant August evenings, or those of the more modern and less worthy iconoclasts, who thought to burn out all roots of Catholicity as their ancestors did the witches, in the flames of the Charlestown convent.

Of course, matters more immediately connected with the consecration were not overlooked. The officers for the ceremony were assigned, distinguished clergymen, secular and religious, filling the principal places. Fifty acolytes were put in training, twice daily, for two weeks, and were found fit to appear to advantage in the imposing services of the great day. The twelve crosses for the walls, required by the Roman Pontifical, were made after the Greek style, each arm terminating in a trefoil. They are of beautiful colored marble, the edges bevelled and richly gilded. The relics to be inserted in the main altar, which alone was consecrated, were the same as those previously used at the dedication of the church, when the same altar had been consecrated as a portable one. The relics were enclosed in due form, with parchment document and incense grains, in a new case of sheet copper, which was sealed by the Most Reverend Archbishop, and the many articles to be used in the ceremonial were prepared with a view to the strict observance of every prescription of the Roman Pontifical.

On the vigil of the great day the church itself, as well as the college and surroundings, presented a scene of bustle and excitement. The church proper, from which the Blessed Sacrament had been removed, was almost as much thronged by operatives, as it would be by a congregation on an occasion of more than ordinary interest; the tabernacle, baldachino, pulpit, chancel-rail, side altars, choir gallery, organ and each separate part of the building, had its own committe of ladies of the congregation, charged with its decoration : and these with a host of gentlemen assistants

were vieing with each other, that the result of each one's skill and labor might outshine in beauty that of all the rest. The college was filled with guests, and owners of private houses in the neighborhood courteously offered hospitality to others. Some had to find quarters at the magnificent St. James' hotel, which stands in the rear of the college-hall building. Unremitting labor did all that was possible to complete the work of preparation at an early hour, but notwithstanding every effort, it was half-past six in the morning when the last ladder was removed. A few moments afterwards the Archbishop drove up, and within half an hour the ceremony had begun.

As prescribed, the relics were exposed on the previous evening in the domestic chapel, and during the entire night the Fathers of the college by turns recited the appointed office before them. It was here that the consecrating Prelate, Most Reverend Archbishop Williams, of Boston, vested prior to the ceremony, whence through the main door of the college the first procession started. None took part in this except those who were immediately to be engaged in the consecration proper. It would be long, to go through the beautifully impressive ceremony of the consecration, certainly among the most splendid and richest in significance of all the ceremonies in the Church's sublime ritual. Its full details are within reach of all, being found in the Roman Pontifical. On this occasion the ceremony lasted just three hours, though the details had been so foreseen and provided for as to do away with any interruption, and though the reverend celebrant went as rapidly through every part of the function, as was consistent with the dignity and grace which befitted the service and for which he is remarkable.

The church being consecrated, the Pontifical High Mass followed. Meanwhile the doors were opened and an immense congregation filled the spacious building in a short time. There was, however, no overcrowding, as none were

admitted who had not cards of invitation which had previously been judiciously and not too lavishly distributed. A large corps of attentive and courteous ushers kept admirable order within the building, showing visitors to their places and keeping the aisles clear; and a detachment of city police performed the like service without, where a large crowd had gathered early and remained until the conclusion of the Mass.

It had been suggested to the Archbishop, that it might tire his strength overmuch to celebrate after the ceremony, which indeed was very exhausting on that hot August morning; for it must be remembered that the mere walking round about the large edifice, for the lustrations, annointings, etc., reached into a question of miles. But he preferred to sing the Mass, and so the matter was arranged.

The augmented choir was in place; the Germania orchestra gave token of their presence by the tuning of pipe and string; and the great organ was breathing at intervals whole gusts of melody, forewarning the burst of harmony that was to follow. Both the sacristies and passages leading to them were crowded with those who were to participate in the last and most important part of the beautiful celebration.

The fumes of incense floating up from behind the reredos, gave the signal to the orchestra and organ, which swelled forth in the thrilling strains of Mendelssohn's March in Athalie, as the procession began to move solemnly from the Gospel vestry, The processional cross came first, carried by a Scholastic in dalmatic, with the acolytes of the day bearing their candlesticks, and clad in purple and crimson cassocks with train and swiss muslin cottas handsomely trimmed with lace; next the censer-bearers swinging their censers and similarly dressed. After these came a body of fifty choir boys, walking two abreast, with hands joined and eyes cast down, striving to keep their little minds as recollected as they might in the midst of such a thrilling scene, in which too they formed such a prominent feature. They

were dressed as those mentioned above, except that the colors were varied; red, purple and black being the distinctive marks of three separate divisions. After the boys, about seventy priests, secular and religious, from the city of Boston and other localities, filed out two and two, vested in cassock, lace surplice and biretum. Then came singly, the assistant Bishops clad in purple, each attended by a little choir boy, who acted as train-bearer. Behind these came the archiepiscopal cross borne by a Scholastic in dalmatic, nine of the larger choir boys who were to form the body of attendants on the officiating Prelate, the sacred ministers, the deacons of honor, the assistant priest and last the Archbishop of Boston attired in full pontificals and wearing the Sacred Pallium. As the line moved with slow and solemn pace it took a considerable time before all were in their places; but we are assured no one tired of the sight, which was calculated to give a good idea of what the Church loves to do and can alone do for the glory of God, and for the elevation of the souls of her children above the commonplace wants and pleasures of everyday life. On this occasion the vestments, worn for the first time, were a most precious and chastely beautiful set that had been manufactured in Rome for this church. They are of the Roman style, made of rich moire brocaded with silver and shot with gold. Upon this as a ground work are wrought, in the greatest profusion, and with exquisite skill, beautiful designs in richly varied bullions.

The solemn grandeur of a Pontifical Mass, when decorously carried out in all the details of the rubrics, with the powerful adjunct of an old master's music well rendered, and, above all, made usefully significant unto the salvation of many, by the presence of a thronging multitude, deeply impressed by the thought, that this hour the beautiful temple, which was the offering of their generous hearts to God, was sealed to the service of the Most High forever—these and many other causes gave to the solemn pageant of that morning a pleasant place in the recollection of every one

that witnessed it. For two hours of solemn joy to that vast throng, the music rose and fell; now a solo of sacred song, now a harmonious chorus; the incense fumes arose with the silent prayer of the multitude; the gorgeously robed prelates and priests moved back and forth, and the lines of edifying youths paced to and fro in solemn procession at stated intervals; the air was luminous with hundreds of lighted tapers, that circled around every column and traced in lines of light almost every part of the architecture about the sanctuary. The whole scene almost carried one out of himself, till the tinkling chimes would recall his believing soul and his faith tell him that it all was in honor of the Present God, Who, when the solemn stillness of a few moments at the Elevation followed, spoke as audibly to each believing heart, as if the words really had sounded in the ears, "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." And then raising the eyes towards heaven, one saw amid the graceful festoons of costly flowers, the beauteous figure of the Queen of Heaven, and the heart leaped again with joy to know, that at least faith enough is left yet in these latter days to prompt men to do much honor to her whom the King of kings has so much honored.

At the end of the Mass, the reverend Rector of the college advanced to the railing and read a telegram just received from the venerable Father McElroy, of whom every one present had no doubt thought long and often on this most joyous day, which owed most of its glory to his indomitable energy and true religious zeal, in founding this noble establishment, when almost an octogenarian. Fears on the part of prudent superiors lest the journey should prove too much for him, were the cause of his absence, rather than any positive present infirmity. He sent his paternal blessing to his thousands of spiritual children and it was all that was wanted to make the happiness of the day complete.

After this followed the really grandest spectcle of the morning. The organ and orchestra swelling out into the grand Coronation March of Meyerbeer, the procession formed in the same order as that in which it had entered the sanctuary, with the addition of several evolutions and counter movements, which, while they added much to the scene, were necessary in order to bring the different parts of the line from their various positions in and around the sanctuary, without disorder, to the central chancel gate. From this they filed down the central aisle with solemn pace, as the music continued in the organ loft above; then from the church, the line turned to the right in Harrison Avenue to the main gate of the college by which it entered. On the line reaching the door of the domestic chapel, those who were partners separated and halted face to face, forming a double line in single file with an alley six feet wide between. Through this the Most Reverend Archbishop with the sacred ministers and attendants proceeded to the chapel where the disrobing took place. The procession then disbanded and the beautiful ceremony concluded without mishap or accident of any kind.

In the evening there were Pontifical Vespers sung by the Right Reverend Bishop Conroy of Albany, before a congregation, more numerous even than that of the morning, as tickets of admission were not required. The Right Reverend Bishop de Goesbriand of Burlington, Vt., preached, and Benediction followed.

The newspapers, on Monday the 16th, gave extended notices of the ceremony in terms of admiration and praise which must have been very gratifying to those who had so well earned it by their generous labors during the days of preparation. After calling attention to the fact that but two other churches in the State have been consecrated, the Cathedral at Springfield and the Holyoke church, they went on to describe the floral decorations, which, they all pronounced to be the finest ever seen in Boston. The follow-

ing description, taken from the Boston *Post*, may stand for all, as all, very naturally, did but give the same account in substance:

"The plants and flowers were of the most varied size, hue and fragrance, and were arranged with a taste and elaborateness highly creditable to the management of Bro. Fealy and his corps of auxiliaries, ladies and gentlemen. From the centre of the arches of the numerous windows on the sides of the building laurel leaves were dependent in festoons, nearly to the floor, and from the ceiling, between the windows and the columns of the main arch, the space was handsomely relieved in this manner. The columns were entwined with vines depending from hanging baskets, and the base of each column supported pot plants and hot-house plants, and rarest of exotics. The spaces between the columns contained elegant hanging baskets of flowers and green ivy. The windows and gallery fronts were handsomely adorned with flowers and evergreens, as was the organ. At the base of the twelve pillars in the body of the church were placed, as already stated, a singular display of large and valuable potted plants. All these were gratuitously offered to the church by Mr. Wm. Dogue, the florist. The pulpit was elegantly trimmed with flowers and green leaves, and the sounding board above almost covered with delicate smilax. From the top of the board hung a beautifully formed white dove with outspread wings, made of carnation pinks. This beautiful piece of handicraft was suspended so as to be over the head of Bishop de Goesbriand as he stood in the pulpit, and together with all the flowers on the pulpit was the gift of Mr. Horatio Harris, of Walnut Avenue. The decorations on the altars were rich and pleasing. From the centre of the main arch over it, festooned and connected at either side, were suspended laurel leaves, while the pillars above and around the altar were similarly decorated. The altar floor, which had been considerably extended, was most profusely decorated with plants and potted flowers.

On either side of the space just inside the altar railing stood a huge banana plant surrounded with other but smaller plants in pots. . On top of the tabernacle on the altar, was a white lily hemisphere, on the top of which stood a small but beautifully colored flower cross. The sills of the side windows by the altar were adorned with fresh green plants, and over the door leading from the altar to the sanctuary was another large collection of fine flowers. The painted insignia of the Archbishop and the Popes's coat of arms hung facing one another, on the left and right sides of the wall near the altar, and were framed in roses and smilax. By the altar railing were placed ferns and variegated flowers, which exhaled a delicate perfume, which mingled sweetly with that of the incense, wafted heavenward by the young assistants during the services. Besides all those a tea-rose cross of Saint Andrew, about five feet high, stood just within the railing. Many of these cut flowers were from the establishment of the Norton Brothers. White lilies, roses, geraniums, pinks, azaleas, poppies, ferns, smilax and a thousand other varieties and kinds of plants, domestic and foreign, abounded on all sides. The side altars of SS. Joseph and Aloysius were covered with the greenhouse exotics, giving the wholé church the appearance of a tropical garden."

The following is a list of the prelates and clergymen who took part in the services during the day: The Most Rev. Archbishop Williams; the Rt. Rev. Bishop Conroy, of Albany; the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield; the Rt. Rev. Bishop de Goesbriand, of Burlington; the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hendricken, of Providence; the Rev. Fr. Miège, S. J., ex-bishop of Leavenworth, Kansas; the Rev. Fr. Keller, S. J., Provincial of Maryland; the Rev. Fr. Galberry, Provincial of the Augustinian Order; the Very Rev. P. F. Lyndon, Vicar General of the diocese; Fr. Fulton, Rector of Boston College and pastor of the Church; and Fathers Bapst, Dompieri, Duncan, Sabetti, Maguire, Simeon,

McGurk, Byrne, Blenkinsop, Degni and O'Connor of the Society of Jesus; Fr. Freitag, C. SS. R.; with the following clergymen from other churches: Frs. Metcalf, Blenkinsop, O'Brien, Flood, Supple, O'Callaghan, Toole, Lamy, Hummel, Riordan and O'Bierne.

FATHER MARQUETTE, S. J.

DISCOVERY OF HIS REMAINS.

Some account of the steps that have been recently taken for the discovery and identification of the remains of Father Marquette, S. J., cannot fail to be interesting to our readers. The life and labors of this zealous missionary of the red man of the west, and explorer of the Father of Waters, are too well-known to need recounting here. They have been the admiration of the world and the incentive of zeal to his brethren in religion.

The historical records of his death and burial are briefly these. In fulfilment of a promise made to the Kaskaskia Indians, to return and teach them the faith, he set out from the Mission at Mackinac on the 25th of October, 1674. Steering his bark canoe down the western shore of Lake Michigan, he reached on the 4th of December the spot on which Chicago now stands, where, owing to the weakness of his health, he encamped for the winter. Early in the spring, he resumed his journey, and on Maundy Thursday, the 11th of April, 1675, he offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on the prairies of the Kaskaskias. His health now so rapidly declined, that a few days after Easter he found it necessary to return immediately, or abandon the hope of dying in the arms of his brethern at Mackinac. He set out with an escort of Kaskaskias, ascending the

east shore of Lake Michigan. Becoming so seriously ill during the journey, that he judged it impossible to continue to its end, he turned into a small river, since designated by his name, where on Saturday, the 18th day of May, 1675, like another Francis Xavier, he expired and was buried. Two years later, his remains were conveyed by the Kiskakon Indians to the mission of St. Ignatius, Point St. Ignace, Michilimackinac, where, on the 9th of June, 1677, they were enclosed in a birch bark box and deposited in a little vault under the chapel.

With regard to the questions, whether the remains of the illustrious explorer were removed when the mission was abandoned in 1796; what place was designated Michillimackinac; in what particular spot the chapel was built; what are the local traditions; what steps have recently been taken for the discovery of the remains; they cannot be better answered than by inserting the two following letters of Father Jacker, present pastor of St. Ignatius' Church, Mackinaw, whose zeal for the honor of God's servant is equalled only by his caution in research.

St. Ignace, Mich., June 13, 1877.

The report concerning the discovery of Fr. Marquette's remains, in this place, as first published in a Cheboygan paper, is a very exaggerated affair. All that has been found, thus far, is the foundation of a log building that might possibly have been a church, on or near the traditional site of that Father's grave. There are many circumstances, indeed, that make it quite probable that this was the second chapel erected by the Jesuits in their mission of St. Ignace de Michilimackinac, the one in which Fr. Marquette's bones were deposited, June 9, 1677; but unless some digging is done, and human remains gathered in a box, or at least some articles that would prove the building to have been a church, be discovered, it will forever remain a matter of doubt whether we have struck the right place. I have the confi-

dence that if the saintly missionary's remains are there, and if it is the will of God that they should be honored, something will happen to change the determination of the owner of the ground, who positively refuses to have any search made.

Our reasons for believing that the spot in question is the site of the ancient chapel are principally these: The local tradition points to that neighborhood. Old persons, now dead, declared that a "Bishop" was buried there. As they received their information from Indians, in whose language "Bishop" and "great priest" (*kitchimekatewikanaie*) are the same terms, the tradition may well enough have reference to that great missionary whose memory is still fresh among the tribe. Besides it is certain no Bishop could have been buried there, and as certain that Marquette is the only priest ever interred in this neighborhood.

Besides the tradition concerning the "great black coat's" grave, there is another one asserting the former existence of a chapel in the neighborhood. It has a somewhat legendary character. "No one," our folks said, "is allowed to approach that holy ground. It is so thickly overgrown with brushes that is impossible to penetrate." And singularly enough, about an acre of ground, quite close to the buildings erected by the present owners some twenty years ago, has been left undisturbed until lately. They cut down the heavy timber (second or third growth), but allowed the underbrush to grow up again. Only this year, standing in need of more arable ground, they chopped it off, and then the foundation of the supposed chapel and presbytery became plainly visible. Had this clearing been done before a livelier interest in this matter was awakened (*i. e.*, quite of late), those traces would very probably not have attracted much attention and become obliterated by plowing up the ground.

But what is the verdict of written history? That the chapel in which Fr. Marquette's bones were deposited stood

near the point of the upper peninsula of Michigan, opposite the Island of Mackinac, is an indisputable fact, whatever Schoolcraft and others may have said to the contrary. That chapel was in the close neighborhood of Tionontate, Huron's village, which has given our little bay its Indian name of Nadowekweyamishing, *i. e.*, Little Huron Bay (the East Moran Bay of the maps). Lahontan, who was here in 1688, and later, gives a pretty detailed description of the French, Huron and Ottawa settlements on this bay, and the Jesuits' residence, together with a plan that shows their respective positions. With that plan and description everything thus far discovered on the ground in question agrees ; one could not wish for anything better. I have not time now to enter into details, but may do so at a future occasion.

It remains only to prove that the foundations laid bare last month are those of the Jesuits' chapel, residence and other buildings. The largest of the edifices (about 30x45) can hardly have been anything else but a church or a warehouse. This we surmise from the circumstance that it had no fire-place like the other small buildings. The foundation, which consists of flattish limestones has also been more carefully laid. According to Fr. Dablon's Relation (1673–9), Fr. Marquette's remains were deposited in a vault (or cellar, cavern) in the middle of the chapel. The excavation on the spot barely approaches with one of its corners the centre of the building. It is now about four feet deep, and may originally have measured eight by eight. There is a smaller hollow in the left front corner, where the baptismal fonts may have stood. A narrow room seems to have run along the rear of the supposed chapel (perhaps the sacristy) connecting it with a pretty large building, which projects a few feet on one side. It contained a large fireplace, the only spot where some superficial digging was done before the owner issued his prohibition. The articles found, such as fragments of a saw, fish-spears, gun-locks, etc., some charcoal, vitrified cinders, and the like, make it

evident that a forge or smithy must have been in operation on that spot for a number of years. This is a somewhat suspicious circumstance; not the fact of its existence within the establishment—for the Jesuit Brothers did such work—but its close proximity to what we should think to have been the sacristy. Two or three other smaller buildings stood a few feet apart from the presumed presbytery; and in what seems to have been a corner of the enclosure (the establishment was surrounded with palisades, the traces of which are plainly visible) there is a collapsed root-house (caveau), such as Canadian farmers used to construct.

It would be but the work of a day for a few men to make a thorough search on the premises, such as would in all probability bring to light some articles that might clear up our doubts. It might reveal the fact that no human remains are here; but even this would be some satisfaction. It is doubtful whether Fr. Marquette's bones were left under the ruins of the chapel; the missionaries may have removed them before they set fire to the building. The records of that period—the first decade of the last century—are very scanty. It is not likely, however, that the Fathers took those remains along to Canada, whither they went on abandoning the mission. Nor do I deem it probable that they removed them to their new mission at "Old Mackinac," on the northern point of the lower peninsula, established a few years later. If this were the case, Charlevoix (who was there in 1721) should have heard of it. He was not even aware of the fact of the Father's remains having been transferred from his first burial place to the mission at Point St. Ignace.

Yours very sincerely,

EDWARD JACKER.

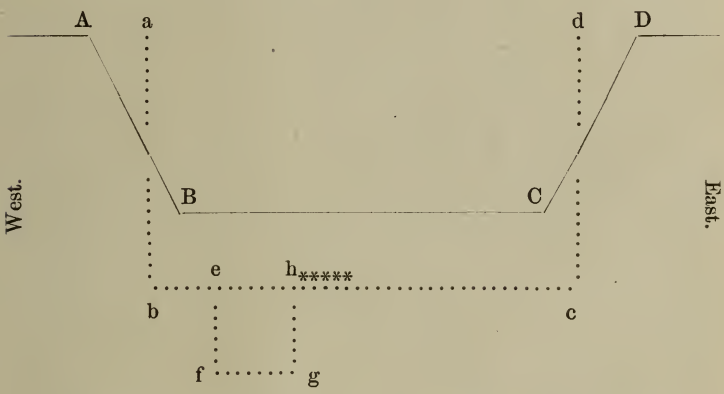
St. Ignace, Sept. 13, 1877.

The report concerning the discovery of Father Marquette's remains, which must have speedily travelled over the wires and spread throughout the country, is this time, I am glad to say, not a fable or an exaggeration. I am now writing within a few paces of the little casket which contains all that is left of the saintly Jesuit's perishable part. But, alas, it is very little! If the fragments of bones gathered from the humble grave, were to be given away for their weight in gold, a person of moderate means could easily acquire them.

I wrote you, this day three months, that the owner of the ground in question would not allow any search for the supposed grave. His principal motive was a sort of religious awe. To disturb the remains of a saintly priest, and still more to remove them from the resting-place assigned them by their brethren, appeared to Mr. David Murray (a native of county Mayo, Ireland), as something akin to profanation, Nothing less than the word of a Bishop was required to remove his scruples. Accordingly, in the presence of Right Rev. Ignatius Mrak, Bishop of Marquette, who was prevailed upon to remove, himself, the first spadeful of ground, and of a goodly number of our poor people—most of them of mixed French and Indian descent—we began our search on the afternoon of Monday, the 3d instant. Commencing in the centre of the area circumscribed by what we took to be the foundation of the Jesuits' chapel—an opinion that had become more and more confirmed within the last three months—and there finding not even as much as would prove the former existence of a building and the fact of its destruction by fire, we proceeded towards the ancient pit or cellar-like excavation (let us simply call it a cellar), near the left or southern wall of the chapel, and just in front of what in our churches generally is, and in the Jesuits' chapel probably was, the Blessed Virgin's altar. Once there, our

search began to assume a more interesting character. Quite a number of objects were dug out from under the vegetable soil, which, in the course of 171 years, had accumulated to the depth of a foot or more above. Pieces of half burned wood, apparently fragments of hewn planks or beams, all very much decayed, and coal-dust mixed with the sand or gravel that underlies the soil of the level ground around the head of our little bay, left no doubt as to the fact of the building having been destroyed by fire. A few spikes and a number of nails, some of them twisted and seemingly melted together, an iron hinge that may have belonged to the trap door of the cellar, and similar objects tended to prove the same fact.

In order to facilitate the understanding of what follows, I shall make use of a diagram:



The broken line A, B, C, D, represents the cellar as it appeared before being disturbed by the spade. The line *b c* shows the bottom of the ancient excavation, and the perpendicular lines, *a b* and *c d*, complete its probable contour. The asterisks (*****) mark the space within which most of the above-mentioned objects were found.

It was when reaching the old bottom, between *e* and *h*, we first met with a piece of birch bark, well preserved, but evidently scorched by intense heat—an object well calcu-

lated to revive our sinking hopes. You remember that Father Marquette's remains, as brought to St. Ignace in 1677 consisted of his bones, dissected by the Indians and stripped of the least particle of the adhering tissues; and that they were enclosed in a birch bark case or box. In that poor casket, in all probability, they were entrusted to the ground. Now, if they had been removed by the missionaries before firing the chapel, we could hardly expect to find even the box, or fragments of it; for in that case the casket would most likely have been taken out, together with the bones. A birch bark box, placed in dry sand, would, after twenty-nine years (from 1677 to 1706), have been found almost as solid as it was on the day of interment. On the contrary, if the removal of the bones took place after the fire, which could not but injure the bark (unless protected by a solid vault), some parts of it at least should be expected to have remained in the tomb. And such proved to be the case. Within the space marked by *e*, *f*, *g*, *h* numerous pieces of birch bark, some almost sound, a few blackened and superficially burned, but most of them only more or less scorched or made brittle by the heat, were found imbedded in the blackened sand and gravel, which had to all appearence fallen in, or been washed in from above, and thus filled up the little tomb after the removal of its contents. Pieces of mortar, likewise more or less blackened, and smaller particles of plaster, and even pure white lime, were also met with.

Nor were fragments of bones wanting. A very small one, almost black, but solid, and a larger one, about an inch in length, quite white but brittle, were found within the space apparently once occupied by the box (*e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, in the diagram). But our hopes to find all, or a considerable part of the remains, soon vanished when, at a depth of about one and a half feet from where the first fragment of bark was discovered, a large piece of the same material was found in its original horizontal position, resting on clean sand and

gravel. It was nearly two feet long, cut round at one corner, and evidently formed part of the bottom of the box. Outside of it, and on the same plane, three long pieces of wood—you would say about 2-inch scantling—and so much decayed that they fell into pieces as they were taken out, were found imbedded in the sand. They undoubtedly once formed the support of the box. Their appearance, as well as that of the large piece of bark, and especially a piece of white paper, which was also found, gave evidence that the action of the fire had not penetrated to the lower part of the tomb. The relative position of these wooden supports seemed to show that those who removed the contents of the tomb had displaced one of them and perhaps thrown out a fourth one; unless, indeed, these pieces of wood were placed under the box in the way we found them, merely to level it. From the space enclosed by them, I should judge that the box most have measured over two feet in length.

There was probably not a person who witnessed the search thus far, who felt not certain that the long-sought for grave was found at last. Nor was the disappearance of the remains of difficult explanation. Their removal had taken place—most probably, at least—after the destruction of the church. Who, then, were the people that inhabited this neighborhood, or resorted to it after the missionaries' departure? Indians, principally pagan, with some apostates —the whole Tionontate tribe and the better part of the Ottawas had removed to Detroit—and French "Coureurs de bois" (bush rangers), a class of men portrayed in very dark colors by the writers of the period. In fact, it was their licentious conduct, and the excesses fostered by their selling liquor to the Indians, that compelled the Jesuits to abandon the mission and burn the chapel in order to prevent its profanation. Hence, it is not likely that pious hands should have removed to some other place the remains of the great servant of God. For those pagan Indians, on the other hand, a very strong temptation existed to take pos-

session of them. Human bones are frequently used by the Algonquin tribes for superstitious purposes, and this efficacy is believed to depend partly on the qualities of the individuals they once formed part of. What, then, should those poor people not expect of the remains of a man to whom miraculous power was attributed by their Christian clansmen? It was almost a matter of course that they should secure such a treasure at the earliest opportunity. But could not the Jesuits themselves, after their return to this neighborhood, a few years later, and the renewal of the mission at a point distant only six miles from St. Ignace, ("Old Mackinac," at the apex of the lower peninsula of Michigan,) have come over and transferred the remains of the founder of the mission to their new church? If such was the case, we could hardly fail—as already observed in my first letter—to be informed of the fact by Father Charlevoix, who visited "Old Mackinac" in 1721. There is, however, another circumstance that makes me strongly incline to the belief that Indians robbed the grave.

When the bones were taken out, and the damaged box torn to shreds, the former were apparently thrown on the floor of the cellar and a number of small fragments were left there, mixed up with the debris of the building, and some shreds of the box; a way of proceeding that would hardly be expected of the missionaries, who, on the contrary, would have been careful to gather the last particle of their venerated brother's remains. Those fragments—some thirty-six in number, and belonging to different parts of the frame—were discovered on the second day after our search. A person of this place who, rather stealthily, searched for a piece of bark or some other little keepsake, was the lucky finder, and honest enough to hand them to me on my return from Mackinac Island, whither I had accompanied our Rt. Rev. Bishop the day after the first discovery. On sifting the ground on the same spot I found another little fragment. A physician to whom I have since shown all the larger

bones declared them to be, beyond the shadow of a doubt, fragments of human bones, acted upon by intense heat and remarkably well preserved. On one of them, apparently of the frontal bone, he discovered a slight incision running over its whole surface, and evidently produced by the point of a cutting instrument. That cut was most likely made during the process of removing the skin, as described by Father Dablon in the Relation of 1673–9.

In order not to delay the sending off of this—perhaps already too lengthy—letter, I will not enter into more details, or into a discussion on the probable surroundings of the place of interment (to be inferred from the fragments of lime, plaster and mortar found in and around the grave). Let me only add that we confidently look for assistance from outside for the erection of some kind of tomb or mortuary chapel to be raised, the sooner the better, over Father Marquette's grave. We covered it, temporarily, with a floor of boards. Mr. Murray having generously promised to donate one-half acre of land, the proprietorship of the ground will soon pass over into the proper hands. Could not, in the meantime, steps be taken towards the organizing of committees for the collection of necessary funds? St. Ignace itself is a very poor place, and the immediate neighborhood is not much better, especially as far as the great majority of our own people are concerned. We are none the less a very happy people, and consider ourselves rich in possessing Father Marquette's grave and remains. If the latter are scanty they are only the more precious. We preserve them in our little sacristy, together with the most remarkable objects found in the grave. In due time they will be transferred into the tomb or chapel on the spot where they lay for the past two hundred years, there to remain an object of pious interest for thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the country—many hundreds have already visited the spot during the last three months—who in ever increasing numbers will come to honor the memory of "the gentle

Marquette." May, in the meantime, only things much more precious than his remains fall to our inheritance; a small share of his humility, his compassion for the poor and forsaken, his tender devotion to the "Blessed Virgin Immaculate!"

Yours very truly,
EDWARD JACKER.

P. S.—In regard to the suspicious circumstance adverted to, that there should have been a forge in such close proximity to the sacristy, it has since occurred to me that such an establishment might have been kept there by some of the Frenchmen living in the place after the Fathers' departure. Those immense "colonial" chimneys brave any fire, and are the last part of a building to tumble down. The one in the Jesuits' house, being probably the most substantial in the settlement, may have been made use of by those settlers, or by the *coureurs de bois*, for the erection of a little forge, where to patch their kettles, repair guns, etc. Our old baptismal records show that up to the close of the second mission (1765), there must have been a little French population at Pointe St. Ignace. In fact, from the time when Father Allonez met some Frenchmen and Indians in this vicinity, on Nov. the 11th, 1669, up to the time when the ancestors of a part of the present population settled here (after 1765), these shores have never been uninhabited.

E. J.

It was said above that Fr. Marquette died and was buried on the bank of a small river since designated by his name. On the spot grew up a village, which for many years also bore his name; the following letter from a friend in St. Louis will convey some interesting particulars in regard to it:

St. Louis University,
October 2nd, 1877.

Reverend Dear Father,
P. C.

Now that the late discovery of Father Marquette's remains has renewed the loving interest which we all feel in whatever relates to that noble son of our little Society, the following few items will, I trust, be acceptable to your readers, as they concern the present condition of the locality, where the great missionary died, and where his mortal remains first found a temporary resting place. I have gathered these items from one of our Fathers, who lately gave a mission on that venerated spot. The place was known for many years as Père Marquette, Michigan. This town contained, among other settlers, some hundreds of Catholics of various nationalities; but it had no regular attendance from any priest. Gradually the torch of faith had grown so dim that most of the Catholics had lost sight of its guidance, and many attended protestant churches. For all these the Catholic name of Père Marquette had lost its charm, and they readily parted with it in exchange for that of Ludington, the name of a wealthy man in the neighborhood, who promised them $500 as his part of the bargain.

Things were in that sad state, when a zealous secular priest, Rev. C. L. Ceuninck, nearly a year ago took up his abode there, and vigorously set about the hard task of reclaiming the hallowed spot. But with all his efforts, he had last spring only thirty Easter Communions. Then he resolved to try the effects of a mission, to be given by members of our Society.

The mission commenced on the 26th of last August and closed on the 4th of September. It was preached by Rev. Fathers Coghlan, Condon, and D. Niederkorn. The parish being composed of three different nationalities, it was

necessary to preach in three different languages to reach all. Father Coghlan, superior of the missionary band, gave the leading sermons in English, and Father Condon the instruction; while Father Niederkorn preached alternately in French and in German.

The result was highly gratifying: five hundred of the stray sheep were brought back to the fold; the total number of holy Communions being five hundred and twenty-eight. Of these, forty-six were first Communions of adults, one of whom was fifty-two years of age. Twenty protestants joined our Holy Church, and three members of secret societies returned to the practice of their religion. All felt ashamed of having sold the name of good Fr. Marquette for a handful of gold, and they will no doubt exert themselves to redress the wrong.

It was with deep emotions of gratitude, hope, and love, that the three missionaries knelt on the venerated spot where the body of Father Marquette had been first buried; and as they rose from their knees, they felt confident that from the height of heaven the blessed soul of their illustrious predecessor would guard and foster the precious seed, which they had so hopefully dropped in that hallowed soil.

C.

DEATH OF FR. VAN ASSCHE, S. J.

Rev. Judocus Francis Van Assche, S. J., departed this life on Tuesday, June 26, at 12 o'clock noon, in his seventy-eighth year. On the 26th of last May he started on horseback to visit the sick, carrying with him the Blessed Sacrament. When two miles from Florissant, out on the Cross Keys road, he was suddenly attacked with paralysis, and fell from his horse. The faithful animal stood still, seemingly waiting for him to rise and remount. He lay helpless on

the ground, till a gentleman, happening to pass that way, assisted him upon his horse. He wished to go on to the house of the sick person, but, after riding a short distance, felt that he could proceed no farther, and returned to his home at Florissant, which he reached with much difficulty. Dr. Hereford, being called, found the attack to be a serious one, and to offer little hope of recovery. The patient was removed to the St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, about two miles distant, where, despite all that the medical art and the kindness of friends could do for him, he gradually sank until noon of the 26th of June, when he breathed his last.

The word "good Father Van Assche is dead," rapidly travelled to the village and through the surrounding country; and perhaps none that knew him personally, ever knew another person to whom the epithet, "good" in all its meaning, could be so appropriately given — for Father Van Assche was a man of remarkable goodness, both by nature and from every amiable virtue. He never had an enemy; and an unkind word was never spoken against him. He had the simplicity of a child; he was so cheerful, so kindly in his manners, so ready to serve others and to give the preference to any one over himself, that no man knew him that did not love him, and no one could meet him and converse with him, without desiring to meet and converse with him again. Every member of his congregation looked on him as a special friend, and all revered him as a wise and saintly man. He was a father to the poor and to those in sorrow; he never turned away a beggar from his door without giving something, even when having little for himself; "For," he would say to his friends, "even if the beggar be an undeserving drunkard, he must be in great need if he comes to ask a pittance of me." Father Van Assche realized in his whole life and conduct the ideal of a Christian pastor, made perfect beyond all ordinary men, by a charity unfeigned; because it knew no exception, refused no work, and feared no sacrifice. His zeal was not like that of the

Pharisee, fiery and impatient; it was persuasive but gentle, making duty a pleasure, not an insupportable burden. He was distinguished for his practical good sense and for the solidity of his judgment concerning all the affairs of human life; he was observant and thoughtful; his opinions showed so much wisdom and prudence on all matters falling under his notice that his advice was sought for and most highly valued even by most learned acquaintances. It was instruction to hear him express his thoughts on public and social questions. Having spent in the United States fifty-six years of his long life, he had become as attached to the country and its institutions as if he had known no other. He often said pleasantly to his young friends who were born here: "I am more of an American than you, for two reasons; one is, I am here longer than you have been; and the other is, I am an American by choice, while you are one by accident." He lamented the growth of avarice, saying "Now the people no longer work for a living, but to become rich." He began to minister at the altar in 1827, fifty years ago; he baptized in their infancy the grandparents of many now living in the city and county of St. Louis. "Good Father Van Assche," as he was for many years styled by every one, was buried on the spot—a little mound—where repose the remains of Father De Smet, the illustrious Indian missionary, and those of Father Meurin, a member of the old Society, who died at Kaskaskia in 1777. Fifty long years ago, Father Van Assche heard the whip-poorwill's nightly song from its perch on the tall trees covering the ground beneath whose sod he now sleeps his last long sleep.

When this good and much-loved old missionary first reached St. Louis, May 30, 1823, it was then but a struggling frontier town.

Father Judocus F. Van Assche was born at St. Amand, which is on the banks of the Scheld, five leagues above Antwerp. His father, Judocus Van Assche, dealt in spun cotton and flax. Young Van Assche wished to be a sailor

and his father applied to a captain, known to be a good man, to receive him; but the captain declined to accept any more boys. The youth was sent to school at Mechlin. His playfulness caused his teacher, who did not rightly estimate the innocent vivacity of a boyish nature, to request his father to recall him from school; his father declined to do so till his son was given further trial. The youth soon became distinguished for his diligence in study, obedience to rules, success in his classes, and all virtues becoming his age.

In 1816, the illustrious Kentucky missionary Father Chas. Nerinckx went to his native country, Belgium, in the interests of his various missions in the diocese of Bardstown, Ky. On his return to the United States, in 1817, he was accompanied by James Oliver Van de Velde, who joined the Society at Georgetown College, D. C. In Belgium, the latter was tutor of French to young Judocus F. Van Assche, who would have accompanied him had not his youth and the lack of means rendered such a step impracticable at that time. His desire to join his friend at Georgetown he however kept, and only waited for an opportunity to go to America. In 1820, Father Nerinckx again set out on a visit to Belgium, and, passing by way of Georgetown, was made the bearer of a letter from Mr. Van de Velde to young Van Assche. Young Van Assche resolved to accompany the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx on his return to America, and revealing his intention to his schoolmate John B. Elet, he too determined to go. A little after, John B. Smedts joined them in their proposed journey, and then P. J. De Smet, Felix Verreydt and P. J. Verhaegen also determined to join the party. In order to raise the funds necessary for the trip they disposed of their books and furniture, pawning their pianos and watches for redemption by their parents. After overcoming many difficulties they collected together on the Texel, a small island off the coast of North Holland. Near the island the ship "Columbus," on which they were to sail, rode at anchor waiting for them. They boarded and went

quietly out upon the main sea. They seemed to have cast no lingering, longing looks back upon the shores which most of them were never to see again; for their purpose was to give up all in order to devote their lives to the Indian missions of America.

They reached Philadelphia on Sunday, September 23, 1821, whence they proceeded at once by way of Baltimore, to Georgetown. They were received as novices and sent at once to the house of probation, at Whitemarsh.

In the year 1823, Bishop Dubourg, who was bishop of Upper and Lower Louisiana, went to Georgetown to ask for a colony of Jesuits, for the evangelization of the Indians in the State of Missouri. Father Van Quickenborne, with Messrs. Van Assche, De Smet, Verhaegen, Verreydt, Smedts, Elet, and Brother de Meyer, who still survives at the good old age of eighty-four, offered themselves for the missions in the far West. They left Whitemarsh about the middle of April, 1823, went to Baltimore, where they procured wagons for their luggage, and started on the journey by way of Frederick, Md., Conewaga, Pa., Cumberland, Md., thence across the Alleghany Mountains, reaching Wheeling after a journey of about two weeks. They were here entertained for a few days by a kind gentleman, Mr. Thompson, whose daughter subsequently became a distinguished member of the Sacred Heart Order. They procured two flat boats, which they lashed together, placing upon one of them a wagon, some negroes that accompanied them, their stock of provisions for the journey, etc.,—the reverend gentlemen, with their library and various articles of church furniture, being on the other boat. After a trip of some twelve days down the river, without striking incidents, they reached Louisville Ky., where they met the Reverend Charles Nerinckx, who was there awaiting their arrival. A "Falls pilot" was engaged to get their boats safely over the falls. They went down the Ohio to Shawneetown, where they disembarked, and sending their baggage around to St. Louis by

steamboat, they journeyed across by land to the same destination.

They reached St. Louis May 30, and, on the evening of the same day, Father Van Quickenborne rode on horseback out to Florissant. The present novitiate farm, or at least that part of it on which the houses stand, had been donated by Bishop Dubourg to Father Van Quickenborne and companions. They took possession of the place, and began at once to clear land for a garden; and on July 31 they began to dig the cellar for a dwelling, which, in the style of that day, was a log cabin. Mr. Van Assche was ordained priest in 1827, and assumed two years later the regular charge of the congregation at the village of Florissant. This congregation had been for a year in charge of the Trappists, who gave it up in 1810, removing to Monks' Mound, on Cahokia Creek, Ill. When the Monks left Illinois in 1813, to return to Europe, Rev. M. Durand, a member of their order, remained in Missouri and had charge of the congregation at Florissant for some seven years, residing a part of that time in the village. His congregation was afterwards under the care of Rev. Mr. De Lacroix, from 1820 till 1823, during which time he built the present brick church of that place. In 1823 Mr. De La Croix made over the church to the Jesuit Fathers, under whose charge it has remained till the present time. In 1832 Father Van Assche began to reside at Florissant. He lived a couple of years at Portage des Sioux, but in 1840 he was required by his physicians to leave the place, which was subject to malarious influences, on account of the low, wet lands surrounding it. He returned to Florissant, and, with the exception of three years' residence at St. Charles Mo., Father Van Assche made Florissant his home till his death. He lived fifty-four years of his long life in Missouri; and, except for two short visits, one to Cincinnati, and one to Chicago, he never in that time went beyond St. Louis and St. Charles Counties. He has now gone to the reward of a long and useful life, fol-

lowed by the praises and the blessings of all that knew him. He was a man of God, who gave up native country, a home among loved ones — all that is near and dear to the human heart, in order to make himself useful as a missionary in a strange land. He set the example of a pious and blameless life; and full of days, and full of merit, he expired calmly. He bore his last illness without murmur or complaint, and seemingly without any pain. No one who knew him personally, will refuse giving assent to the prayer—May he rest in peace! and may my last end be like to that of good Father Van Assche.

DEATH OF FATHER JOHN Mc ELROY.

A satisfactory history of a life extending over so long a period of time, so crowded with great works, and so interwoven for many years with almost all the important events in the history of the Church and the Society in this country, as was that of Father John Mc Elroy, would require volumes: nevertheless, while waiting for the promised biography which will, it is hoped, fulfil this task in a worthy manner, we think that a short sketch of his life and last moments, however meagre and imperfect, may not perhaps be without consolation for those who mourn for his loss, and edification for those who wish to follow in his footsteps.

John Mc Elroy was born in the town of Enniskillen, county Fermanagh, Province of Ulster, Ireland, on the 14th day of May, 1782. His early education, like that of so many others in those times, when Ireland was just awaking from the long and fitful sleep of ignorance into which the penal laws had cast her, was of the scantiest description. Every morning, if we remember correctly the circumstances which we heard in former years from his own lips, he trudged

off barefoot to school, with his brothers and the children of the neighborhood, each bearing under his arm the brick of turf which was to serve as his contribution to the school-house fire for that day. The children sat on the floor, for want of benches, and received an instruction which corresponded to this primitive style of heating arrangements and furniture. His Catholic parents, however, took care to instil into his mind those important principles which are so often neglected in methods of education supposed to be of a much higher order; viz. a deep love for the Faith and a frank and sincere piety. These afterwards proved to be for him the seeds, not only of sanctity, but also of learning.

In the year 1803, being then twenty years of age, he joined in the tide of emigration which was already setting, swift and strong, towards the western shores of the Atlantic. Landing at Baltimore, he made his way to Georgetown, and there entered into mercantile pursuits.

The fathers of the suppressed Society of Jesus who were in Maryland, had no sooner heard, in the year 1801, that Pope Pius VII. had reëstablished their beloved Society in the Empire of Russia, as a congregation, with the power of affiliating members in other countries,* than they wrote to the General in Russia, Father Francis Kareu, and obtained permission to aggregate themselves to the Company. This was about twelve years before its formal reëstablishment as an Order throughout the whole world. When John McElroy, therefore, came to Georgetown in 1803, he found the Jesuits just struggling again into existence, and it was not long before he heard the voice of God calling him to serve Him in the new Society. He entered as a lay-brother. His long retreat was made at Georgetown College, in company with several other novices, the meditations being read from

* The Society, it will be remembered, was no sooner reëstablished throughout the world, than it was expelled from its place of refuge in the snows of Russia. It may interest our readers to know that, according to the catalogue of Galicia for 1877, there still remain twelve members of the old Russian province, scattered through the provinces of Galicia, Naples, Rome, Turin and Venice.

a book by a priest who was himself a novice at the time. Brother Mc Elroy remained in the college in the capacity of buyer and bookkeeper for four or five years. But the Very Rev. Father Grassi, who then governed the Society in Maryland, thought that he discovered in him extraordinary qualities, great prudence, virtue and judgment, and he therefore made him apply himself to his studies, that he might be elevated to the Priesthood. He was accordingly instructed in the necessary branches to prepare him for ordination, and while pursuing his studies at the College, he still retained charge of its temporal affairs.

It was during this period that he witnessed, from the windows of the College, the burning of Washington by the British troops under General Ross, who, after the battle of Bladensburgh, advanced to Washington, burned the Capitol and other public buildings, ate the dinner which had been prepared in the President's house for the American officers, and then set fire to the roof under which they had received such unexpected hospitality.

After making his course, Father Mc Elroy was ordained Priest on the 3rd of May, 1817, at the age of thirty-five years. Not long after his ordination, his great talent for preaching was discovered almost by accident. It happened one Saturday that the Pastor of the church was absent, and could not return for the Mass on Sunday. The Superior asked Father Mc Elroy, with some doubt expressed in his manner, if he thought he could preach the next day. "Well," replied the young priest, "if you tell me, I will try." With the aid of an old volume of Father De Ponte's Meditations, which he had found lying in a corner, neglected and covered with dust, he prepared his first sermon. All who heard him were so much pleased that it was not long before he was again appointed for the same duty: after that, the preaching was given entirely into his hands, and from that day forward, he had the consolation of seeing his congregation steadily increasing every Sunday. He remained for

a short time as pastor of the church in Georgetown, at the same time looking after the temporal concerns of the College, directing the accounts, and purchasing the supplies.

In 1822, he was sent to the city of Frederick to take the place of the worthy Father Malavé, who was at that time very ill; and here he began that series of great works which have entitled him to rank among the founders of the Church in the United States. The old church which had been built by Father Dubois, predecessor of Father Malavé and afterwards Bishop of New York, was going rapidly to decay. The congregation was not large, but with that resistless energy and invincible trust in Providence which were his distinguishing characteristics, Father Mc Elroy commenced and brought to completion the Church of St. John. This noble edifice is an exact copy, in all save a few details, of the church of the Society, St. Francis Xavier's, in Dublin, but it surpasses its prototype in dimensions. It is built on such a scale that but few priests could be found, even at the present day, who would be willing to undertake its erection in so small a city as Frederick; fewer still, perhaps, who could bring it to a successful termination. But Father Mc Elroy's courage knew no limits when the glory of God was in question. Indefatigable himself, he bore all along with him by his energy and contagious zeal.

St. John's College, under the wand of this powerful enchanter, soon arose, and began to pour forth a host of graduates who have since become eminent for learning and piety.

He introduced the Sisters; opened, with their aid, the first free-school which ever existed in Frederick, and had painted over their door, much to the disgust of some of the good people of that city, these words: "First Catholic Frederick Free-School."

His labors were not confined to the Frederick Valley, but extended as far as Pennsylvania and Virginia. He used to ride sometimes a hundred miles to attend some man who

was dying. There were no railroads, no conveniences of travel, and many a night had to be spent in the woods. Enduring countless hardships, always exposed to danger in fording swollen streams and riding through forests, the missionary priest of those days had to go about like the Good Shepherd, ever ready to lay down his life for his sheep.

In early times, Frederick and the vicinity had a large transient population of Catholic laborers. The building of the great "National Road," or military highway, which passes through Frederick, and binds together the East and the West, the construction of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. and other works, brought many Catholic Irishmen into the field of Father Mc Elroy's influence. Besides, Frederick, with its many turnpikes radiating to all points of the compass, was the centre and starting point of the great wagon trade with the West, which preceded the introduction of railroads; and this fact may have contributed to the same result. Father Mc Elroy's influence with these men was immense, and it is said that on one occasion his sole presence and exhortations sufficed to quell an outbreak among them, similar in nature, though not so great in extent, as the late strike which it required so lamentable an expenditure of life to put down. His care of these poor men, when the terrible plague of the cholera, in 1831, was sweeping them off by the hundred, and his solicitude in providing for their orphan children, fully justified the confidence and esteem which they had shown him. *

* In addition to these manifold labors, there was another, still more essential to the Institute, in which Father Mc Elroy led the way. This was the work of giving the Spiritual exercises. Bishops Maréchal, Du Bois, Cheverus, and, in fact, all of those venerable men who are justly esteemed as the Fathers of the Church in this country, were his friends, and were anxious to secure his aid in fanning the flame of Faith and Piety which their own virtue and labors had kindled in their dioceses. If we look now upon the regions which were the scenes of those labors and which witnessed those virtues, we must exclaim: "Behold how small a fire, what a great wood it kindleth!" But it was not without patient and zealous labor that this result was obtained. Father McElroy traversed the length and breadth of the land, giving retreats to priests,

After twenty-three years of indefatigable labor in Frederick City, Father Mc Elroy was transferred to Georgetown, but not for a long time. Early in 1846 the Mexican war broke out, and President Polk appealed to the Bishops in council assembled, for the purpose of getting Catholic chaplains for the army. This request was made by the President in order to prevent, as far as possible, the vices incident to the life of soldiers in the field, and also to remove a false impression which the Mexicans had in some way received, that they were warred upon on account of their religion as Catholics. The Superiors of the Society were called upon

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religious houses and seminaries, and missions to the people. In his retreats to the secular clergy, he was especially careful to urge them to the attainment of the highest perfection, and to leave no room for the idea that such an aim is for religious only. "I always told them," said he, speaking incidentally on this subject during the period of retirement which preceded the close of his life: "I always told them that Poverty was not an ivy which should grow on convent walls alone."

It would be hard to imagine any one better suited to the work of missions than Father Mc Elroy, as he was at this time. His commanding stature and dignified bearing, his powerful, yet sweet voice, the noble and forcible language in which his thoughts seemed spontaneously to clothe themselves; his simple, affectionate earnestness of manner, and the strain of tenderness which ran like a silver thread through all the warp and woof of his mind and speech—above all, the burning ardor of a soul given up to God and consumed with zeal for the glory of His house, gave him such a command over the hearts of the people that he turned them which way he would—and this was always heavenward.

The effects of his missions were incalculable. We insert here an extract from a late "Freeman's Journal," which will give some idea of the good which he effected in this way:

"Father Drumgoole said (on the occasion of a visit by Father Damen and others to St. Vincent's Home for Boys, of which he is the Director) that one of the earliest and sweetest remembrances of his life was hearing, when a boy himself, that illustrious Jesuit Missionary, Father Mc Elroy, who but recently died full of years and sanctity, preach at a mission given at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York City, under the sanction of the lamented Archbishop Hughes. That was the first mission ever given in the city of New York, and blessed and manifold were its fruits. Over forty persons, to my own knowledge, said Father Drumgoole, embraced a religious life after attending it, and they became, both priests and nuns, all noted for their piety. At the close of the mission, Bishop Hughes admonished all the young persons especially to bear in mind the remembrances of that holy mission, and vividly do I now recall how we all knelt to receive Father Mc Elroy's blessing ere he departed from among us at that time."

to furnish the priests required, and Father Mc Elroy was selected, together with Father Rey, for the arduous post. He remained with General Taylor's army for about three years, and by his words and example effected much good and many conversions among the soldiers.

On his return from the war, he was sent to Boston, to take possession of St. Mary's Church, which Bishop Fitzpatrick had just offered to the Society. Owing to preceding circumstances of an unfavorable character, the charge of this parish promised to be no very pleasant task, but under the magnetic influence of Father Mc Elroy's zeal and devotion, all difficulties were smoothed away, and this church and congregation became what they are at the present day —one of the most edifying and flourishing in the whole extent of North America.

After some years, Father Mc Elroy succeeded, in spite of difficulties, prejudices and opposition, in erecting Boston College and the Church of the Immaculate Conception. This pile of buildings, magnificent in its proportions, and still more so in the results which are being there achieved for the Church in New England, is the noblest monument of his zeal. When he had finished it, the work of his life was done. His sight failed, and his frame, gigantic though it was, could no longer withstand the effects of nearly three quarters of a century spent in unflagging toil in the service of God. His superiors therefore sent him again to Frederick, and there, in the peaceful quiet of the Novitiate, he calmly awaited the end. Perfectly blind, and scarcely able to walk to the chapel, he yet persevered in saying Mass (the Mass of the Blessed Virgin, which he knew by heart), every day until he was actually confined to his bed. Always bright and cheerful, he never gave the slightest sign of repining at his blindness : even if questioned upon the subject, he always answered that it gave him no unhappiness. His light was the fire of divine love, which glowed the brighter in his heart as the flame of his earthly life burned low and

flickered in the socket. His conversation with the novices and others around him always breathed of heaven, and it was easy to see that he was impatient for the time when his eyes should gaze, without darkness or shadow, upon the face of his beloved Master. "The Angel of Death has passed me by," he would say; "I am afraid Our Lord has forgotten to call me home." It seemed that God wished him to remain on earth to see the reaping of the harvest which he himself had sown, and that we might see what kind of men our fathers were in their generation. At last the summons came, and, gradually sinking, he breathed his last. He died at the Novitiate in Frederick, September 12th, 1877, at the age of ninety-five years and four months.*

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* At the time of his death, Father Mc Elroy was older by four years than any other member of the Society. Those whose ages approach nearest to his are two lay-brothers, Br. Spreafico, of the province of Turin, and Br. D'Amico, of Sicily, both of whom were born in the year 1786, and were therefore ninety-one years old when Father Mc Elroy died. Next after them, came Father Amand Boisacq of Champagne, and Br. Baryszewski of Galicia, born in 1788. After these, another step of two years, when we find Fathers Sortini and Sordi, the first of the Sicilian province, and the second of the Venetian. Then there are two born in 1791, three in 1792, and three in 1793. Of 1794, no less than seven appear on the catalogues, including Father Emmanuel Gill, of the Castilian province, Assistant for Spain. The year 1795 also shows seven, the oldest of whom is our Rev'd Father General, Peter Beckx, who was born in February of that year. Two out of these seven, Father Maas, a Belgian, and Bro. Grocholski, of the Galician province, were born on the same day, June 13th, and bear the name of its patron, St. Anthony. The oldest Jesuit in America is Bro. Peter de Meyer of the Missouri Province, born in 1793.

Father Mc Elroy was, at the time of his death, the oldest member of the Society not only in years but also in religious life, having entered the Novitiate in 1806. Next after him we find in the catalogues for 1877, Br. D'Amico, (Sicily), who entered on the 20th of June 1812. Father Ignatius Poczobut, formerly of the Province of White Russia, and now of the Province of Turin, 25th of July 1812. Father Joseph Siedmiogrodzki (Gallicia) 4th of July 1813; Father Camillus Iemma (Sicily) 3rd of Sept. 1813; Father Anthony Grocholski (Galicia) 31st of of July 1814; Father Robert Haly (Ireland) 7th of Sept. 1814; Father Bernard Addis (England) 7th of Oct. 1814; Father John Curtis (Ireland) 10th of Oct. 1814; Father Anthony Maas (Belgium) 12th of Oct. 1814; Father F. X. Patrizi (Rome) 12th of Nov. 1814.

Father Thomas Finnigan, of the Maryland Province, has spent more years in religion than any other member of the Society in America, having entered on the 5th of February 1815.

His was a noble character; massive and grand as some rugged mountain-peak; tender and sweet as the last ray of sunlight that lingers upon its summit. Sound and prudent in judgment, broad and comprehensive in his views, careful and deliberate in coming to a decision, but swift and untiring in its execution, he was in the spiritual republic what our patriot forefathers were in the material commonwealth. His character, like theirs, was so perfectly balanced, so evenly developed, that to one who knew him but slightly the full extent of its greatness might perhaps have been scarcely apparent; just as in some noble pile of buildings, where all the parts are in perfect harmony and proportion, where nothing is given an undue prominence or disproportioned development, we cannot, at first sight, realize the vast dimensions of the whole. What added greatly, in his case, to this effect, was his simple and unaffected humility.

He could look around upon the Church as it is in the United States at this moment, and say with truth: "This is my doing," for in every one of her works for the education, instruction, conversion, and reformation of America, he had helped to lay the foundation upon which others are building so prosperously: yet no word of his ever indicated that he considered himself anything more than a simple priest and an unprofitable servant. Whether he preached or conversed, there was a kind of simple dignity and grave tenderness in his manner which spoke the saint, and like the Spirit of God itself, moved the hearts of those who listened to him. The world, could it appreciate his work, would call him a "self-made man;" but he himself would have scorned the appellation. The grace of God made him what he was, and never was nobler piece of workmanship.—R. I. P.

INDIAN MISSIONS—LAKE SUPERIOR.

WIKWEMIKONG, April 24th, 1877.

REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

The last occasion on which I wrote to you, I promised that my next letter would be longer. I will endeavor to fulfil that promise to-day whilst the ice, which a short time ago was covering the country all around, is thawing, and thus gives me some leisure. This is the only time in the year when I can rest from the hard work of winter; I avail myself of it to answer the letter which came during the last season, and to write other letters equally important. To begin, I will tell you about our little community which seems to increase in number and in strength. Fr. Choné is far from being as well as one might wish him to be; he probably will soon fail like a taper that is burned away. Br. Keys is always the same: he seems to be but waiting for an occasion to leave us. Brs. Clarke and Koemstedt are getting weaker and weaker, especially the first. Good old Br. Jennesseau is so so; and Br. Divine is the only one that enjoys good health. Fr. Baudin is getting accustomed to the climate of our island; his health, at least exteriorly, seems much better than when he first came here. He already speaks pretty well the language of our savages.

As to your humble servant, he continues to be, as it were, a stranger to Wikwemikong; he goes there rarely, and then stops but a very short time. For, since Fr. Hébert left us, and Fr. Choné took sick, all the work of our numerous missions hangs heavy upon him. I will write to you, then, only about the missions which are particularly my own, and especially about those which I visited last winter. We will begin with those nearest to Wikwemikong. Wikmemikon-

sing and Achitawargoning are the first; I visited them last December.

In each one of these missions there are schools and a church; but the schoolhouse being still in course of construction, we were obliged to rent a room, in order not to interrupt the classes; but I hope that with the help of divine Providence these houses will soon be finished. A few days before Christmas I left again to visit Milchigiwatinong, a pretty important village of the Indians containing three or four hundred men. It has a fine church which the savages themselves built, and which is admired by strangers; it has also a school which is in working order. With some help from the savages, I had a large, substantial schoolhouse built there: it is not yet finished, but still is good enough to teach in. I intend to have it finished entirely by next summer. I then directed my steps towards Mudge Bay and Gore Bay in order to visit some families of white men dispersed here and there among Protestants, and consequently much exposed to lose their faith. I then went to Shishigivaning and on my way I again came very near losing my life. I say *again*, because it was in traversing the very same bay that I almost perished some years ago.

We were this time again caught by a frightful snow storm and opposed by a north wind which was blowing in our faces. This storm was so strong that we could scarcely see each other at the distance of a few steps; so that we were obliged to grope around and were in great danger of losing ourselves and getting frozen. Still we could not come back on that great Bay; we were obliged to reach the other side. Finally, with the help of God, we succeeded in making our way as best we could through that frightful storm, and we arrived safe and sound. It is true, some parts of our bodies were frozen; but one cannot go to war without expenses.

Shishgroming is magnificently situated, and has a population of about one hundred and fifty. It has a church and

a school; but they are now building a new church, which is to be finer than the old one, and which will be used as a schoolhouse. This poor little mission was, for some time, a prey to the wolves, I mean to the Methodists. During seven years, they could not, to all appearances, make a single convert; they merely left there the seeds of impiety which are now insensibly disappearing. It was only last year that I succeeded in getting entirely rid of these raging wolves and in chasing them from the flock of the Lord.

I thus traversed, on the ice, the wide strait which divides Manitoulin Island from the main land, and went to Misisaging, where they were anxiously expecting me; a fatal war was to be waged with our old enemies, the Methodists, who, chased from Shishigwaning, had settled on the river Missisaging, in spite of the prohibition from the second chief and from all the Catholic Indians. These poor savages, new christians mostly, with some white and half-breed families, were impatiently waiting for me, like young recruits unused to war, who, being suddenly besieged during the absence of their chief by an audacious enemy, are at a loss what to do against his more or less devilish tricks. Such was the state of mind of these poor people, when I came among them.

But that you may understand better the boldness and the shamelessness of the opponents with whom we have to deal, I will tell you what lately happened to us. About two years ago a pair of Methodist ministers alighted at Missisiging; they gathered together the white people and the Indians, and proposed to them, as they are wont to do, to establish a school there, gratis. They had no other end in view, they said, than the happiness and the education of the children, and knowing that they were Catholics already, they would take great care not to speak against that religion, etc. These poor people, who had no school there, and who were anxious to have one, were soon caught in the net and not only gave their consent, but promised, especially the whites, to build a schoolhouse.

At my next visitation, I soon heard what had been done; but the Methodist gentlemen were already gone, congratulating themselves on their happy and easy success. You may well suppose what I did! I struck a different chord, and showed them the right side of the medal; as well as the danger in which they were of losing themselves, their children, and their religion. Well! all understood me perfectly and resolved never more to listen to the deceiving insinuations of those wretches. I then baptised some families of infidels, and, before I left, I promised to send them a catechist to instruct the new christians and to begin a kind of school, until I might be able to do something better for them.

I kept my word, and since that time they have a good old man teaching them prayers, catechism, etc. So that when the Methodists came back, they found all minds rather changed. For not only did the people refuse to build a schoolhouse, but they thanked the gentlemen for their disinterested services and told them that there would be no need for any further trouble. But the Methodists did not think themselves vanquished; they came back the following spring (for these gentlemen happen not to use snow-shoes) in order to sound the place, at Shishigwaning and at Missisaging; but receiving a decided rebuff at Shishigwaning, they came back to Missisaging well resolved, this time, to take the place by storm, if it were possible. In order to succeed they used their usual weapons, lies and corruption; they offered to build a schoolhouse, a church, etc., all gratis. But this time, all the christian Indians showed themselves immovable; they rejected all proposals, told them that they had what they wanted in that line, and that they would not have any thing to do with them. You think that this time at least they were discouraged, acknowledged themselves vanquished and left the place: not in the least; you don't know yet all the audacity and boldness of these men. They tried their very best to gain at least a few to their

party; and what with gifts and money they succeeded in getting a half-breed and the first chief who was still infidel. Hoping thus to make new conquests later on, they sent immediately a schoolmaster who spoke the language of the Indians, in opposition to the one whom I had appointed. But as the poor fellow had only two or three pupils, and the whole tribe was against him, he went away after a few weeks.

In the mean time our famous Methodists were not idle; they were working secretly, and had made up their minds to establish themselves there in force, in spite of every body and every thing. With this end in view they wrote first to the Indian Agent, then to the Indian Department, etc., in order to obtain leave from the authorities to build a schoolhouse, and thus to establish themselves in that place. Luckily enough, the Agent of the Indians, an honest Protestant with whom I am on good terms, warned me in time of what was planned, and let me know all that happened. He even showed to me some letters which were sent to him in the name of the famous chief above mentioned, who had sided with them, though he was still an infidel. I then wrote, myself, to the Indian Department to unmask the hypocrisy and bad faith of the Methodists, who on that account received a negative answer. Undeterred by this, they determined to build, at any cost, a schoolhouse in the reserve, with the approbation of the first chief, now become a traitor; but fearing, and not without reason, the open opposition of all the Indians, they waited till fall, when all would go hunting. When the tribe had gone, they began their undertaking. You may easily conjecture the astonishment and just indignation of the Indians, when they came back from their hunt at the beginning of winter and saw the house built on their reserve. They were furious against their chief who had thus betrayed them, and especially against the Methodists, who would likely have had a hard time of it had they not been prudent enough to leave the

place before the tribe returned. They therefore agreed to depose their chief, who had become so unworthy of their trust, and to take possession of the schoolhouse; but they waited to see whether I would approve their resolution.

This was the state of things when I arrived there. I succeeded in making them forbear a little, and recommended them to pray to God with me for the conversion of the chief, who was able to settle every thing. I then called that famous chief, so rebellious to God and to his people; he came, and, after long conversations with him, I succeeded with the help of God, in making him take the resolution of becoming a christian. Well, after I had prepared him the best way I could in the circumstances in which we were, I baptized him with his whole family, to the great satisfaction of all, even the catechumens; and by baptism the lion became a docile lamb. The chief and his people wrote immediately to the Methodists that the reserve was shut to them forever. Thus, with the help of God, we gained once more the victory over our fearful enemies, without shedding a drop of blood. Now, perfect peace and union are reigning there: all participate of the same faith and of the same sacraments. A very pretty little church will be built there soon, through the generosity of a rich merchant, Mr. E. Sayers, a good and fervent christian. Thus the calm succeeded to the storm; let us hope that it will last long for the happiness of this little congregation.

After that I went to the island of Cockburn, and going down, I visited Blind River, Algoma Mill, Spanish River, Moshkamosaging, Sagamok, La Cloche, Wigwassiganagog, Sugar Creek, the Little Current and Shigwaienda. Then I came back to Wikwemikong, after having been absent for more than two months. For the present I only give you the names of the places which I visited; I will give you details another time. After three days I again left Wikwemikong and traversed the north coast of Georgian Bay; in this journey I visited Killarney, Collins' Inlet, Grombling Point, Kabekonong, Kilchikiliganing and Byng Inlet with its wood-

yards, etc. I came back on the last ice. Since then I made another excursion on the shores of Lake Menito among our sugar manufactories. I was going to leave to-morrow for Killarney, in order to wait there for the first steamboat, on which I would have gone to the lower missions. But Fr. Choné thought otherwise, so that I will go to some other place. A long time ago our bishop asked to see me towards the middle of May, at Collingwood, in order to begin a new campaign. God grant that I may make it safely!

But here is enough, I think, Reverend Father, in order to give you at least an idea of my work during last winter. I do not think that I could be accused of laziness or sloth. But alas! with all my efforts and fatigue, I cannot do more than half of what is to be done. If I could only multiply myself, so as to attend to the needs of my numerous missions, I would not complain; for I fear neither work nor fatigue: but I must acknowledge that, alone, I am incapable of cultivating so vast a field, which would require the labor of three stout workmen. And when I see many of those missions, which have cost so much toil and sweat, in danger of relapsing into infidelity; or, what is worse, about to become the victims of ferocious wolves always ready to devour them; this thought is far more troublesome to me than all my fatigue and labors, which indeed have become my daily bread.

I beg of you again to send us, if you can, some help, before I yield under the heavy burden which weighs on my shoulders, and thus spare us the affliction of seeing some of our missions become heretic. I ask every day of the great St. Joseph to send us sufficient help, and to inspire some zealous Fathers with the efficacious desire of coming soon to partake of our works. Ask it with us, Reverend Father; this great Protector will hear our prayers. Also pray, at least now and then, for the poor little missionary who calls himself—YOUR REVERENCE'S

Unworthy Servant in CHRIST,

P. NADEAUX, S. J.

OSAGE MISSION.

NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,
July 1st, 1877.

REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

I stated in my last that the Congregation *De Propaganda Fide* having formed the Indian Territory lying south of Kansas into an Apostolic Prefecture, and given the charge of it to the Very Rev. Dom. Isidore Robot, O. S. B. with the office of Prefect Apostolic, our missions among the Osages as well as the neighboring tribes had come to an end. But the burden put on Father Isidore Robot's shoulders soon proved to be heavier than he could carry, for he had nobody to help him. So, as we expected, he requested us to continue, for the time being, our spiritual labors in behalf of these Indians; granting us, at the same time, all the necessary faculties.

In consequence of this, as soon as spring opened and the roads became practicable, I started to visit once more my poor Osages. I was well received indeed, but oh! in what a condition did I find them. Before reaching their settlement, I could hear the wailing, and mourning of the desolate people for their departed children and friends. Death had been in the midst of them, and without mercy had, in three months, carried away over three hundred victims! No special sickness or epidemic of any kind prevailed. Exposure, want of proper food, and hard living in general, were the causes of it. In almost every case, no medical attendance was given them, though the nation pays high wages to a doctor, who is comfortably located at the Agency, but does not give himself much trouble about the Indians.

Among the departed, many were members of our holy Church; but the distance, the winter season which renders travelling very difficult through the Territory, on account of the streams and rivers which one cannot cross but by fording them—a thing dangerous in time of high water—finally, the want of means for sending us notice in time; were the reasons why not one of them could receive the last sacraments before dying.

In the general affliction the Osages lamented two of their principal chiefs: both were young and wild in their habits. All the juggleries of Indian medicine work were resorted to in order to save their lives, but to no purpose. Their death was followed by all those rites which the pagan ritual, *ab immemorabili*, has ordered for such occasions.

The Osages are naturally good, and kind-hearted. They are full of affection towards their sick, and particularly towards their children. Once however death has struck a fatal blow, they are left without any hope. They indeed believe in a future life; but their ideas about it are very much confused; and when death takes away any one, especially a dear child, they think that the affliction has been brought upon them by one of their enemies, who, not daring to attack them personally, has done this through the agency of some wicked spirit. Hence, no sooner have they buried the dead, than they swear vengeance, leave for the plains, not to return till they have killed some of their enemies, in retaliation for their loss.

The funeral of the pagan Osage does not occupy much time. On the spot where a dear one has expired, the mother, the wife, and the other women in attendance take a handfull of mud and besmear with it the right half of their long hair—as it were to show that they come from dust, and to dust they must return. This done, they at once begin their solemn dirge. This consists in repeating again and again, as loud as they can, the words *Ido! Ido! I—dao! dao! dao!* inflecting these words in a very peculiar way. They

pronounce the first two in a lamenting, interrogatory tone; the last three they sound in the note of the wild dove's moaning, so familiar to people living near the woods.

What they mean by these sorrowful words, is a mystery to me; they themselves cannot give any account of it, except that it is an expression of love and sorrow they have learned from their grandfathers. As a great many facts could be brought to prove that the Osages as well as all these western Indians originated from the Hebrew race, why could we not say that these words are derived from the old *Idida?* I leave to linguists to decide the question.

The heart-rending mourning of the women is soon followed by the ferocious voices of the men, who in their turn make the very air vibrate with terror. Now their feelings are excited most powerfully; so much so, that sometimes, in their wild excitement, gesticulating with their knives, they slash themselves in order to see some blood flowing, for it seems that this is one of their dogmas, that they cannot appease the Great Spirit and render Him favorable towards the departed, but by blood.

This exciting scene will last a little over one hour; then they proceed to the burial. A high bluff is generally selected for the purpose. Here no grave is dug, but the dead is seated on the sod, leaning on some rocks, and facing the rising sun. His head is shaved, and is painted with vermilion. Numbers of rings ornament his ears and fingers, his naked arms are bound with beautiful bracelets, and long wampums fall from his neck on his bare breast. His loins are girded with a nicely woven sash, and he wears well trimmed leggings tied with rich garters. The whole body is wrapt in a new blanket. On one side they place his bow and arrows, on the other his tomahawk and calumet. Now a chief addresses him for the last time, and bids him farewell. This done, the women like industrious bees go to work, and very quickly put up a wall, either with rocks or sods, around the remains of their departed friend. While this is

going on, the favorite horse of the dead man is slain on the spot. Scalps of enemies and the head of the horse are hung on two posts, as tutelar genii to protect the grave, and with this the funeral ends.

However the mourning is not over yet. No indeed; but the dearer the departed was, the longer it will last. It consists in very severe fasting, which they protract for weeks and months, so strictly as not to allow themselves any food but once in twenty-four hours, and this after sunset. At the end of a week they take a day of rest, and, this over, they continue their seven days fasting for a long time, abstaining during all this period from every kind of enjoyment. We have seen some very robust men come to a premature death by this mode of penance, by which they think they can propitiate the Great Spirit in favor of their departed friends.

Oh! how different is the death of the christian Osage from that of the pagan. Ignorant as these poor Indians are, they know the foolishness of all such rites; they know the power of prayer, and the strength their soul receives from the sacraments. Hence, as soon as they find themselves attacked by a dangerous sickness, if they possibly can, they send for the priest to come to assist them. But if circumstances will not allow them to do so, they do not become disheartened; they recite long prayers, they call on their friends to pray with them; in some instances they even make public confessions, and if they can but get hold of a crucifix, or beads, or an image of the Blessed Virgin Mary, they will not give it up till they die. And these articles of devotion are generally buried with them. No christian Indian will allow a scalp to be hung over his grave; on the contrary, it is always ornamented with a small cross, which is rude in material—for it consists commonly of two simple sticks tied together with bark—but is nevertheless the symbol of pardon, and of hope of a better life to come.

I would be too long, if I related to you how piously and

devoutly some of our Osages died during this last winter. I am fully confident that their death has been a gain to them. Had our labors amongst the Osages brought forth no other fruit than to procure to a great many of them a happy death, we would have reason to be well satisfied, and to thank God for it.

During my last excursion I visited the eastern portion of their Reservation, and also delayed for a while in a Delaware settlement. These latter Indians are not Catholics, but have a great respect for our holy religion; they received me kindly and requested me to return to visit them.

Death had preached among the Osages a sermon stronger than any I could deliver; and I felt happy in gathering its fruits in the numerous confessions and communions I had in the different settlements, where I said Mass to give all an opportunity to comply with their Easter duty.

No opposition was offered to me in this last visit by any of the Protestants who have care of the Osages, with but one exception, and this was at the Agency on Deep Ford, where the school superintendent, though very liberal in allowing the children to attend any kind of Protestant or pagan meetings, would not allow them to come to hear Mass. This is the kind of liberty granted to the Indians.

From the Osage Reservation I returned to my missions in this state of Kansas, and I am proud to say that, wherever I went, I was edified by the fervor and devotion which I saw displayed by the people in coming to receive the sacraments. No distance, no inclemency of the weather would keep them from coming to meet me at the appointed stations.

The rainy season this spring proved most inconvenient to our farmers, but especially to the miners, who, at some eighteen miles west of this mission, are extracting coal from the hills that run along a creek called Chitopa.

And here I cannot help relating how mercifully God in His providence saved two poor miners from a most dreadful death. They had, during last winter, opened a large shaft,

from which they had taken a good deal of coal. One day, early in this spring, after they had passed all the morning at their work, they came out at noon for their meals. They were just washing at the creek running by, when, hardly five minutes after they had come out, they heard a great crash, and found themselves enveloped in a dark cloud of dust. What was the matter? It seems that on account of the great rains, the water had made its way from the top of the hill, some fifty feet above, and, penetrating into the mine, caused by degrees the caving in of the hill. The two men had a very narrow escape from being buried alive. This was for them a far better instruction than any I could give them, to convince them how important it is for a man to keep himself ready; for indeed we do not know at what hour God may call us.

This spring, immediately after Easter, we were happy in getting two zealous Fathers from St. Louis, Rev. Fathers Henry C. A. Bronsgeest, and Joseph J. Zealand, to give a mission for eight days to our congregation. The weather was unfavorable, but the people attended at the instructions in great numbers, especially in the evening. Protestants were particularly invited, and they came. They seemed to be well pleased. The fruit drawn from it was very abundant. Of the Protestants, sixteen adults were baptized. Many Catholics who were neglecting their duties, came at last to comply with them. May the Lord recompense these two good Fathers for their labors in behalf of our congregation, and may God grant the grace of perseverance to those who were brought to a more christian life.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

D. O. M.

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